Nebraska Advertiser.

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THE BROOK.

[AFTER TENNYSON.]

A gentle brook meanders here,
And, in its wild, sweet chirpings, hark!
A pleasing strain regales my ear;
I run through ridges, cold and dark;
I wind around the peaceful leas,
Refresh the roots of oak and pine;
I daily with the mountain breeze;
I sparkle in the summer shine.

"I glide by valleys; feed the mills;
I fret amid the desert wild;
Exhaust a dozen purling rills;
I'm Nature's trusting, happy child.
I live in beauty, love and light;
I'm cheerful, blithesome, glad and gay;
With shadows of the darkest night
I wind along; I dance and play.

"Amid the sharpest storms I sing;
I'm cheery when the thunders roar;
I rock the bird with weary wing;
And to the answering hills I pour
Exultant lays. I lave the reeds
That grace my sunny slopes, and give
Fresh life and beauty to the meads
And plants that on my bounty live.

"I hide beneath the hazy spruce;
I glance beside the shelving rock;
I give the maple hail its juice,
And satisfy the thirsty flock;
I creep along the silent woods;
All day I travel and rejoice,
Delight the fields and solitudes
That listen to my chattering voice.

"The rushes kiss me as I pass;
The swallow taps me with his wing;
Fair maidens praise the faithful glass,
And rollick at my side and sing;
Faint travelers stop to slake their thirst;
Gay insects sport upon my breast;
And, in my rippling waves immersed,
The eager, sharp-eyed trout arrest.

"The willows reach their fingers down
Among my ruffled tans to play;
The lily lifts its crested crown
And shakes the pearly drops away;
The dainty, modest violet,
Sunning upon the verdant banks,
With mychaste, twittering waves I fret;
I gently stir the osier ranks.

"I feed the minnows in my fold,
The speckled trout I flashing dart;
Beside the sand of sparkling gold
They leap up and they dash about;
And, when is heard a tramping foot,
To broader depths they swiftly fly,
Or hide beneath a straggling root,
Until the stranger passes by.

"On, on I flow; I dance; I run;
And the broom and rushes pass;
Bring wealth to cheer the arid soil;
I nourish roots of meadow grass;
I slip through field and grizzly recess,
O'er sparkling sands by fen and glade;
I leap beside the water-cress;
I babble in the sun and shade.

"As in the past, I slide, I go,
Forever laughing as I sing;
In sunlight and in starlight flow,
A blessing and a joy I bring.
The same bright, mantling path I keep
As in the dreamy ages gone,
I wind, I twist, I dash, I leap,
My course is on, forever on."

—*N. Y. Independent.*

HOW HE CAME TO THE RESCUE.

Among the letters which Lord Lydbrook found at the club on his return from a six months' yachting cruise was one from his sister, Lady Julia Marchmont, containing the startling news that her daughter Eva had actually engaged herself to the second coachman. Lord Lydbrook very rarely allowed anything to disturb his equanimity, but his sister's letter caused him genuine uneasiness. He knew that his niece Eva was a willful, headstrong girl, with romantic notions and a strong-minded contempt for conventionalities. Considerable sensation had been caused last season by a young lady of good family eloping with her father's groom, and Lord Lydbrook did not wish a niece of his to disgrace herself by a similar escapade. He considered his sister the silliest woman of his acquaintance, and as utterly devoid of tact and discretion as she was amiable, weak and indolent. He trembled to think of the risk of leaving his niece under the sole control of her mother in such an emergency, and mindful of the promise he made to his bosom friend, John Marchmont, on his death-bed, to befriend his children when he was gone, Lord Lydbrook summoned sufficient energy to take the next train to Highnam Hall.

Highnam Hall is in Hertfordshire, within two hours of London. By the time he arrived there Lord Lydbrook had decided on his course of action, and had assumed his usual placid, imperturbable frame of mind. He had a long conversation with Lady Julia, whose complete helplessness convinced him of the necessity of his interference. It appeared that when Lady Julia and her family were in London, last season, Miss Eva used to ride in the park every morning, attended by the second coachman as groom. The man was a good-looking young fellow, superior to his class both in manners and appearance, with some little education. His civility attracted the notice of his young mistress, who got into the habit of exchanging a few words with him during their rides. Some good-natured friend warned Lady Julia of the danger, real or imaginary, to which her daughter was exposed, and the anxious mother, by her injudicious remonstrances and reproaches, succeeded in rousing Miss Eva's defiant temper. The groom was immediately dismissed with ignominy, and Miss Eva Marchmont, who probably had not thought much about him before, began to fancy she had a regard for him. The young man worked upon the girl's feelings, and at length persuaded her to listen to his ardent devotion, until she one day horrified her mother by announcing that she was engaged to him. Lady Julia left London in the middle of the season, in the hope of removing her daughter out of the man's reach, but the young fellow followed his lady love into the country, and was at present staying in the village. The girl seemed determined to have her own way, and was so indifferent to her mother's remonstrances, that Lady Julia had almost abandoned herself to despair, and talked in the most foolish manner of the possibility of a marriage actually taking place.

Having learned all the details of the unfortunate affair, Lord Lydbrook joined his young nephews and nieces at luncheon. Lady Julia had several children, all plain and uninteresting except Eva, whose face was decidedly intellectual, if not handsome. She was her uncle's favorite, perhaps because he was the only person who could manage her. But Lord Lydbrook owed this ascendency rather to his tact and coolness than to the respect due to his age and relationship. Miss Eva's rebellious spirit and passionate temper made her resent the authority of her elders, and her uncle was perfectly alive to the delicate nature of the task which lay before him.

Lord Lydbrook's manner was charming when his favorite niece made her appearance. The young lady had heard of her uncle's arrival, and was prepared to defy him, as she had done her mother and sisters. She entered the room with flushed cheeks and glistening eyes, ready to hold her own against all the uncles in the world. To her surprise, however, Lord Lydbrook greeted her affectionately and paid her a flattering compliment. He even inquired after "Mr. Charles," and hoped to have the pleasure of making his acquaintance. There was no suspicion of sarcasm in her uncle's tone, so the girl was forced to believe in his sincerity. The "Mr. Charles" sounded contemptuous, but when she reflected that she herself did not know the surname of her lowly admirer, she could not accuse her uncle of disrespect. Lord Lydbrook did not embarrass his niece by asking further questions, but proceeded to give an interesting account of his recent expedition, describing the places he had visited and the people he had seen in that inimitable vein of dry humor for which he was famous among his friends.

After lunch Lord Lydbrook lit a cigar and strolled leisurely across the park to the village. He called at the "Three Cups" inn and asked for "Mr. Charles." The young man looked very ill at ease when he saw the peer. But when his lordship politely said he had called on purpose to make his acquaintance, and offered him a cigar, "Mr. Charles" recovered himself a little. Lord Lydbrook ordered a bottle of wine to be brought into the coffee-room, and while waiting for his refreshment he had time to take stock of the young man's appearance. "Mr. Charles" was quite good-looking enough to turn the head of a young and impressionable girl, but there was an expression of low cunning on his face which convinced Lord Lydbrook that he was shrewd and unscrupulous—in short, a dangerous man to deal with.

"Mr. Charles" showed his wisdom by leaving his lordship to explain the object of his visit. Most men in Lord Lydbrook's situation would have felt embarrassed, but the cool-headed Peer was quite unperturbed. He said with charming frankness that his niece's family could not pretend to be gratified at the choice she had made. On the other hand it was impossible to ignore the fact that she was old enough to know her own mind. Her family objected very much to the young lady carrying on a clandestine love affair, and as yet they were not prepared to recognize the engagement. Under these circumstances, Lord Lydbrook suggested that the best course would be for "Mr. Charles" to visit at the house as a friend of the family, and perhaps in time the engagement might be declared. Lord Lydbrook concluded by saying that Lady Julia would be delighted if "Mr. Charles" would dine at the hall that evening.

It was easy to see that "Mr. Charles" was both gratified and astonished by Lord Lydbrook's suggestion; but he hesitated to accept the invitation, and endeavored to excuse himself on the ground of having no clothes fit to come in. Lord Lybrook immediately replied that he had a spare suit of dress-clothes in his portmanteau, and would send it down at once. There was no resisting his lordship's cordiality, and, fortified by the wine he had been drinking, the young man promised to dine at the hall at seven o'clock.

When Lord Lydbrook told his sister what he had done, her ladyship nearly had a fit. The Peer was obliged to use all his influence to reconcile her to his project. Any other evening, protested poor Lady Julia, in floods of tears, would not have mattered so much; but to-night, when Mr. and Mrs. Travers were dining at the house, and young Mr. Mapleton, who admired Eva so, and would be such an excellent match! But Lord Lydbrook prevailed, as usual. Mr. and Mrs. Travers, he replied, were old and intimate friends, to whom everything could be explained, and he would make the necessary apologies to young Mapleton, if any should be needed. Lady Julia calmed down after awhile, and just before dinner was announced, when all the other guests had arrived, the astonished butler ushered in "Mr. Charles."

Lord Lydbrook advanced to meet his guest with perfect affability. The poor young man looked so sheepish and awkward that his appearance was quite pitiable. All his good looks seemed to have vanished; his face shone with soap, his hair glistened with pomatum, his clothes—or rather Lord Lydbrook's—did not fit him, and his hands looked painfully large and red. Poor Lady Julia shuddered as she gave him the tips of her fingers, and her daughters bowed and were fairly horror-stricken. "Mr. Charles'" arrival was a surprise to every one but Lord Lydbrook and Lady Julia, and especially to Eva. The poor girl was covered with confusion, and, though she gallantly rallied and went and sat by her lover, it was evident to her uncle's keen eyes that she was as much shocked as any one.

The dinner was like a dreadful nightmare to the hostess and her daughters, whose worst anticipations were realized by "Mr. Charles'" behavior. If he had only had the sense to keep silence, his awkward habit of putting his knife in his mouth and the innumerable social solecisms he committed might have escaped notice; but, whether from extreme nervousness or from the idea that he ought to assert himself, he persisted in talking loudly to every one, and every word he uttered was a flagrant offense against good taste and the Queen's English. Lord Lydbrook was in his wickedest mood, and, to his sister's horror, amused himself by drawing out the unsophisticated guest. Affecting a deep interest in the young man's opinions on all subjects, his Lordship mercilessly caused him to betray his ignorance, his innate vulgarity, and his coarseness of mind with hideous distinctness. Flattered by the notice he received, "Mr. Charles" soon became offensively familiar, and, as dinner proceeded with, showed symptoms of intoxication. He grew quarrelsome and noisy, contradicted Lady Julia, let fall an oath, (for which he had sense enough to apologize), and even snubbed Eva herself when she attempted to restrain him. The unfortunate girl sat upon thorns the whole evening, and never felt so bitterly humiliated in her life. But she was too proud and too loyal to desert her lover, and, though inexpressibly shocked by the exhibition he was making of himself, she addressed her conversation to him, and did her best to smooth matters over. Her uncle was so touched by her ardent distress that he signaled to Lady Julia to lead the way to the drawing-room immediately after dinner.

Lord Lydbrook did not allow "Mr. Charles" to join the ladies in the drawing-room; in fact, the young man was not in a fit state for ladies' society. With some difficulty he persuaded him to leave the house, and sent him back to the "Three Cups" under the escort of one of the stable-boys. The look of intense relief upon his niece's face when the other gentlemen entered the drawing-room alone gave him strong hopes as to the success of his experiment.

But Lord Lydbrook was by no means easy in his mind next morning when he awoke and reflected on what had passed. However upset his niece might have been at the conduct of her lover, she was the sort of girl who would revenge herself on her relatives for the humiliation she had suffered by marrying the man in spite of everything. His lordship was, therefore, more disgusted than surprised when his vallet brought him the news that the house was in commotion, because Miss Eva had disappeared, and was supposed to have run away in the night.

Without losing a moment, Lord Lydbrook dressed himself, and rode down to the [illegible]. He was very much [illegible] "Mr. Charles" was still [illegible], but his [illegible] recognized his niece's handwriting on a note addressed to the young man, which had been brought by one of the railway porters. If ever Lord Lydbrook felt inclined to violate the sanctity of a letter, it was on that occasion. He restrained his first impulse, however, and carried the letter to "Mr. Charles" in person. The young man was sleeping heavily when Lord Lydbrook woke him and put the missive into his hand. "Mr. Charles" was evidently dull of comprehension after the previous night's dissipation, for he read the letter once or twice with a very blank expression, and then handed it to Lord Lydbrook, and asked him, peevishly, what the deuce it meant. The note ran thus:

"Miss Marchmont presents her compliments to 'Charles' and regrets she has mistaken her feelings toward him. Miss Marchmont is sure 'Charles' will agree with her that they had better not meet again. Miss Marchmont is leaving home for a long time, to stay with her sister, and incloses a bank note for £10."

"What the dickens does it mean?" repeated the young man, using a very strong expletive, and eyeing Lord Lydbrook savagely.

"It means," said my lord, quietly, tearing the letter into shreds, and laying the bank note on the bed, "that you have made a most confounded fool of yourself, and deserve to be thrashed for your impertinence. My niece has been obliged to leave home on purpose to avoid you, and if you ever attempt to annoy her again, or any of her family, I'll horsewhip you."—*London Truth.*

A Fashionable Game.

"Dumb Crambo," according to Walker, is played thus: The players are seated in a circle; no table occupying the intermediate space so as to intercept the view of all the parties. The person who begins the game then pronounces aloud a word of a single syllable. The person on his right must find another monosyllable to rhyme with the first one; but if he pronounces the word he forfeits—he must act it. He accordingly rises, and by signs or actions must so clearly express the thing signified that all the other players understand it. He must not be articulate; but he may eke out his pantomime by inarticulate sounds. Thus, if the word to which he has to find a rhyme be "dog" or "pig" he may either bark or grunt to signify that he is acting the part of a dog or of a pig. Each player in succession finding a new rhyme acts similarly, concluding with the person who first gave the word; and this lady or gentleman would do well to keep in reserve some uncommon word which is not likely to be discovered by some one else. When the party is numerous the first player is nearly always forestalled in the rhyme which he is keeping in reserve, and in that case he has to pay forfeit; whereat is great sport."

Youths' Department.

THE THREE LITTLE MICE.

Three young mice in a farm-house brown
Lived, sighing for the great, big town.
The mother warned of traps and snares,
And pussy cats with bland, false airs,
And said: "My dears, seek not to roam;
The safest, sweetest place is home."

They thought: "These are but foolish fears,
Our mother childish grows with years;"
And, stealing from the farm-house brown,
One night they scampered off to town.

Ah, what a rare sight met their eyes,
A shop all stored with cakes and pies!
"Here we will live," they cried; "how fine
On such nice things to sup and dine!"

They slept all day, but woke at night
To feasting, frolic and delight.
Next night a trap was set. "Ah, see!"
Cried the young mice, in giddy glee,
"That dear, good baker loves us so,
These tables are for us, we know."

With ne'er a voice to say "Beware!"
They rushed into the baker's snare;
To call for help was all in vain,
Their poor, wee necks were rent in twain.

At home the old mouse sits forlorn,
Weeping and wailing night and morn;
"Come back, my truants three!" she cries,
With salt tears streaming from her eyes;
"From the world's danger and unrest
Flee to the sheltered, safe home-nest!"

Ah, little ones, who tease and fret,
Think of their fate, and ne'er forget
To yield without a frown or tear,
When mamma says: "No, no, my dear!"

—*Chicago Advance.*

THAT HORNETS' NEST.

Boys never have such splendid times anywhere as they do at their grandfathers'. How some fellows get along the way they have to without any grandfathers or grandmothers I never could make out. Just fancy having no grandfather to go and see Christmas and Thanksgiving and summer vacations! The fact is, a boy without any grandfather can't begin to have half a good time.

Fathers and mothers are all very well, but, you see, as mother explained the last time father had to whip us, they feel a responsibility. Now, grandfathers and grandmothers haven't any such responsibility. They can just give themselves up to being good-natured, and let a fellow have a good time. If he turns out bad, you see, it ain't their fault, and they don't have to worry about not having done their duty by him.

My grandfather lived just out of Blackridge, on a large farm. There was an academy at Blackridge, and so mother sent me to live there for a while and go to school; and Uncle Jerry's two boys, Ham and Mow (right names Hamilton and Mowbray), lived there all the time, and Uncle Jerry and Aunt Anna, too, and we had just the best fun that ever any boys did have; I don't mean Uncle Jerry and Aunt Anna; they didn't go in for fun, you know. Uncle Jerry kept a store in the village, and Aunt Anna staid in the kitchen with grandma.

We always had to behave ourselves, and never thought of doing things without leave, for grandpa was not one of the kind to be disobeyed; besides, we loved him too well for that. But he was always ready to let us have a good time, and said that he liked to see boys enjoy themselves when they did it in the right way.

Besides Ham and Mow, there were the Davis boys, about five miles off, who went to the academy, too; and once a week or so we spent the day with them, or they came to spend it with us. Real good fellows, both of them; and I think we liked the visit to them best, there were such lots of things to do there. Mr. Davis, you see, was what grandpa called "a progressive man"—I used to wonder what that meant, and say it over to myself whenever I saw him—and he wanted Frank and George to understand everything that was going on; and he used to get them all the improving boys' books that came out, and they had a tool-chest, and a printing-press, and all kinds of drawing things, and the greatest lot of scrap-books; and they collected stamps and coins, and taught us how; and we used to make things when we went there, and Mr. Davis always gave a prize for the best.

Mr. Davis' right name was "Hon. Charles M. Davis." I saw it on his letters when the boys brought them from the post-office, and they were very proud of their father's name. He had been to Congress, people said, and I used to wonder if this was as far off as the Cape of Good Hope.

Mrs. Davis used to train round (I don't mean that she acted bad) in a real handsome dress mornings, and she smiled at us pleasantly, and said that she liked boys, and hoped we wouldn't make her head *quite* split (Ham guessed there must be a big crack in it somewhere(; and then she went off, and we didn't see her again until dinner-time.

I used to get 'most sick then, because Mrs. Davis said she thought boys could never have too much to eat; and she kept piling things on our plates, and it wouldn't be polite to leave them; and I was the littlest, and it really seemed as if I couldn't hold them all. Aunt Anna always said that "visiting didn't agree with Phil;" but I went all the same.

This was the way we got there: grandpa would let us have a horse when it wasn't too busy a day on the farm, and we all took turns in riding him. It was prime fun, and gave each of us just about enough walking. There was the one-mile mill, and Heckles' pasture, and the brook, and old Mrs. Junkett's little red house, and lots of places, where the boy that was on got off, and the next one took his turn; and we never quarreled about it, and always came back feeling just about as good as when we started.

One morning in July we set off, expecting to have just the grandest kind of a time. Mr. Davis had got the boys something new from the city, and they wouldn't tell us what it was until we came. It was Saturday, of course, and most amazingly hot. Kitty (that was the horse) did not care about going very fast, and she crawled along with us, turn and turn, till we got about a mile from Mr. Davis'.

"A hornets' nest!" shouted Mow, who had walked on ahead of Kitty. "Come on, boys!"

"Stop," said Ham; "let's tie Kitty safely first."

So we led her to the shade of some trees on the edge of a piece of woods, where she would be safe from the hornets, and tied her fast; then off we went, full tilt, after Mow. He was staring up into a hollow tree, where we could just see the hornets' nest, looking like a brown-paper parcel full of holes, and a big fat one it was.

"There's millions in it," said he, as we came up; but he didn't mean money, only hornets.

This pleased us very much; not that we were exactly fond of hornets, but it made it more exciting. No matter what a boy is doing, he always has to go for a hornets' nest when he sees it; and we never thought about being warm or anything else, but just to send those hornets flying. We could see a few of them crawling in and out, and hanging round their paper house, and we meant to give them a hint that they'd been living in that hollow tree about long enough.

The tree was quite low, and we got long sticks and went at them. We had a lively time of it. The hornets came swarming out at us like ten thousand red-hot locomotives, burning us everywhere at once, for they stung us like fun; and we ran for dear life, and then came back and hacked away at them, our faces blazing with heat, and perspiration oozing from every pore. We took off our jackets at the beginning of the fray, or there would not have been much of them left, for the hornets were as mad as they could be, and so were we.

We kept it up for hours, never thinking how hot we were, or that it was time to be hungry, and we got that nest pretty well demolished. When the hornets were nearly gone, and there wasn't much of the nest to be seen, three tired boys limped off rather lamely to Kitty's cool bower, and throwing themselves down on the ground, fell fast asleep.

When they awoke, each looked at the other in great amazement. Ham's upper lip was puffed 'way out, and one eye closed; Mow's nose looked like a large pink potato; while as for me, the hornets seemed to have attacked every feature I had. The lengthening shadows warned us that it was supper-time, and with a puzzled feeling about our visit at the Davises, we turned our highly ornamented faces homeward.

"What has happened?" cried grandma, as we came within sight of the family gathered on the porch. "Do look at those boys!"

Of course every one looked at us; and as soon as they had settled the matter, they made us look ten times worse than ever by daubing our faces with mud.

We were rather afraid of punishment, at least by being sent supperless to bed; and I think we never loved grandma so much as when, calling us into the kitchen, she gave us one of the best suppers we ever had in our lives.

All that was ever said to us was said by grandpa the next morning, with a comical twist of his eye. "Boys, when you want another hornets' nest, you needn't go quite so far after it. There's a splendid one over the northeast end of the barn."

The Davises had a man with a wonderful magic lantern that day.—*Harper's Young People.*

Shoes.

Patent-leather meets with favor for ladies' summer shoes because it is cool, is not affected by moisture at the seaside, and is easily cleansed of dust. High shoes that lace in front have toe-caps of patent-leather, and buttoned boots with cloth or kid uppers have the lower part of the glossy leather. The side-buttoned boot remains the popular shoe for walking, but those that lace are also in favor with many ladies. Pointed and box-toed shoes are the most fashionable, but these our best dealers do not make in the extremely narrow styles seen in the fanciful show windows, and they advise the use of longer shoes when the toes are narrow. The low Newport ties are made both of kid and patent-leather, and may be had with high and ungraceful French heels, but are more comfortable and in better taste with low broad heels. Very low ties like gentlemen's pumps, with single holes for tying, are pretty for wearing with black or dark silk stockings. Slippers are cut very low at the toe, and are worn without bows to display the stockings. If there is any ornament, it is a bit of embroidery or of beaded work done on the toe of the slippers. Other French slippers with low toes are as high behind as the Marie Antoinette slippers and have a ribbon sewed on the back that passes around the ankle and is tied in a bow in front. Black satin or satin-pranella slippers are for dress occasions. These are of the simplest low shape, without ornament; the heels are covered with the satin, and are in the French shape. These are worn with black silk stockings with light dresses. For brides and bridemaids the slipper or the buttoned boot is made of the material of the dress, and many ladies have shoes made of the material of all their evening dresses.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The grace of resignation has been singularly shown in the case of the Rev. John DeWitt, D. D., of Philadelphia. He has been pastor of the Tenth Presbyterian Church of that city at $6,000 a year, and now resigns his charge in order to accept a professorship in Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, at $3,000 a year.